Volume LXX CHICAGO, DECEMBER 19, 1912 Number 16

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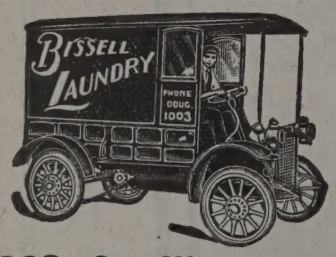

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXX THURSDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1912. NUMBER 16.

"Christmas"

Protest as we may, against the extravagance and the tyranny of the Christmas trade, deplore as we must, the commercializing of the season of the Christ-Child, let no one begrudge the genial time, or try to reform the same by be-lying its spirit.

Suppression, is as impossible, as it is undesirable. Direction, control, is possible.

The didactic reaches of an editorial are inadequate and powerless at Christmas time. But Zona Gale, the gifted preacher out of the pulpit, in her sermon story under the above title,—just from the press of Macmillan,—with a power that is as convincing as it is charming, leads us into the heart of the Heavenly season. This beautiful and delightful Christmas book, reinforced by her Santa Claus-story entitled "Human," and illuminated, as a side light, by the story of "Exit Charity," which she gave as a sermon in the pulpit of the Abraham Lincoln Centre last Sunday, and which is to appear in the coming number of *Everybody's,* not only shows the way but makes the way. Never was the pulpit of All Souls Church more legitimately or effectively devoted to the ends for which it was dedicated than last Sunday, when art became indeed the "handmaid of religion," and fiction became fact, in the hands of genius.

A country editor from an inland town in Nebraska, J. H. Dundas, sends us the form of a petition to the President of the United States, begging renewed effort to perfect the Treaty negotiations defeated by the Senate by so small a margin, to the humiliation of the advocates of Peace and the reproach of the United States. Four hundred signatures were affixed to this letter. Is it not an opportune time to renew this agitation, to revive the hopes and strengthen the courage of those who are sick and ashamed of the warlike attitude of the United States; so that when the new administration is ushered in next March, it will feel the momentum of a glorious movement? There is no cause for discouragement. Let us take heart and take hold anew and begin again. "Now is the accepted time."

"Lest we forget!" Our readers must bear with us if in these days of Christmas greeting and New Year rejoicing, we remind them that the average increase in the annual cost of the army and navy during the eight years following the Spanish War, 1902 to 1910, has been $185,400,000, making a total increase in eight years of $1,072,000,000, or an increase of 360 per cent. It is estimated that this is three times the estimated cost of replanting fifty-six million acres of denuded forest lands in the United States. It is an average of $60 for every family in the United States. It lays a yearly tax of 1¼ per cent on the total wages paid in the United States, on the supposition that wages average $600 to the family. Who pays for all this? Who is the safer for it? And still, President Taft wants three battleships the coming year, and legislators, high and low, far and near, who sing the Christmas anthem of "Peace on Earth," who pray for the advent of international arbitration, who promise it, who believe in it, go on voting for battleships. Perhaps if we stop praying for peace, a while, and pray for consistency in public office, we will get on faster.

An effective pulpit diagram reaches us from the hands of the Rev. E. A. Coil, of Marietta, Ohio, whose name is familiar to UNITY readers. The leaflet tersely says: "Religion, the fruit of the universal brooding God spirit, and man's noblest aspirations, is one, but it develops in many forms." Then is shown the outline of a noble tree, rooted in *Whence? Relations, Duties, Whither?* As branches of this great trunk, we come upon the religions, of Egypt, Parseeism, Scandinavia, Greece, Rome, Judaism, Christianity and Islam. Judaism is indicated as representing 10,860,000, Christianity 534,490,000, Brahmanism 214,000,000, Buddhism 121,000,000, Confucianism 300,000,000. Of every thousand we are told in a side note, 346 are Christian, 654 other. The preacher further sets over against the condemnatory clause in "one of the great creeds in Christiandom" which pronounces eternal doom on all those who do not call upon the name of Jesus Christ in acceptable tones, the conception of the "All-seeing one, whom the sun, moon and stars obey; under whose watchful care even comets perform their stupendous revolutions, and who pervades the inmost recesses of the human heart, and will reward us according to our merits."

The liberal women of Minnesota seem to set a pace which those of other more favored, and on that account more fettered, states farther East may well try to keep up with. Up there on the head waters of the

Mississippi, they have a "Liberal Union of Minnesota Women," the fourteen vice-presidents of which represent the Unitarian, Universalist, Jewish, and perhaps Independent societies, situated at Minneapolis, St. Paul, St. Cloud, Rochester, Owatonna, Albert Lea, Anoka and Duluth. Five meetings are announced on its program for the season, at which will be discussed respectively, "Immigrant Aid Work of the Council of Jewish Women," "Industrial Problems," "Social Work in the Churches," "Juvenile Delinquency" and "Liberalism." Women in other parts of the country are promulgating similar programs but we know of none who have been so successful in reaching out to State limits, across denominational lines. When these women can eliminate from their title the words "liberal" and "women" and still retain and increase the potency of the "Union," then, what in the economic world is being called "scientific management," will be realized, and increased efficiency with decreasing waste will be the result. "Westward the star of empire takes its way!"

The Quarterly Bulletin of the Meadville Theological School for October is the "Catalogue Number," consequently it is an available source of reference for the year. It contains such information as will interest young men and women who are looking for a career along ministerial lines. At present the ministerial profession is discounted, in the estimation of the aspiring young men and women who frequent our college halls. A recent visit to the Miami University located at Oxford, Ohio, called from the President, the announcement that during the earlier years of that pioneer institution, nearly one quarter of its students entered the ministry; upwards of four hundred, out of the maximum of something over twelve hundred. But in these later years those who have entered the ministerial profession from that solid and prosperous seat of learning, have been almost a negligible quantity. At the same time, the President states that there is a constantly increasing interest in sociological and humanitarian problems, and preachers and lecturers who sound the call to Service are promptly met with cordial enthusiasm. What is the matter? This paradoxical situation cannot always last. The ministry must be interpreted increasingly in terms of science, human experience and human service. The philanthropists, those who would engage themselves in "Social Service," must increasingly carry their benefactions and good deeds, into the realm of devotion. Helpful deeds must rest in kindly thoughts, and kindly thoughts must have not human, but cosmic roots. Perhaps a perusal of the prospects and promises of the Meadville Theological School, may awaken hopes in the minds of college students in this direction, and may inspire some of them with courage to go in search of this synthesis. The defects and limitations of a theological school are easily discovered in these pages, but Meadville is less hampered by dogmatic fetters and denominational limitations that make for imbecility, than most of its associates. There are Theological schools *and* theological schools; those at Harvard and Tufts and Meadville, the Union Theological Seminary at New York, and those growing around the Chicago University, scarcely deserve the implications of the critics as to being narrow, dogmatic, conservative, reactionary, and untouched by the modern spirit and the inclusive interests and loves that spring therefrom.

Another significant case of church fusion has just been consummated in Chicago. The First Presbyterrian Church which was organized in Fort Dearborn in 1833 and claims to be the oldest organization, civil or religious, in Chicago, has abandoned the stronghold which it has occupied for so many years, at Twenty-first street and Indiana avenue, and has sought a home in the building erected by its daughter, the Forty-First Street Presbyterian Church, situated at the corner of Forty-first street and Grand boulevard, some two and a half or three miles to the south. The vigorous daughter gives up her name but retains the pastor and building. Henceforth the united societies will be known under the name of the First Presbyterian Church, of Chicago. This is one more case of moving along the line of least resistance, to which all of the early churches of Chicago have yielded except the First Methodist. If a church primarily means a Sunday congregation and Sunday school, a neighborhood constituency which finds within its church walls a social center and the fellowship of congenial minds, this is a step not only permissible but almost compulsory. But in so far as it is the work of a church to fight dissipation and ignorance, to invade the haunts of debauchery, to reclaim the fallen and to guard the sanctities of life, the First Presbyterian Church has retreated from the outpost around which the battle for decency and honesty has raged for many years. The "firing line" of the Chicago churches faces, not towards the suburbs, looking away from the center, but, faces towards the center, where the combined forces of greed and lust, ignorance and savagery, are driving out decency, forcing the would-be "Christian,"—particularly the Protestant Christian elements, outward into the more favored districts, towards the margin of the great city.

We rejoice in the manifest economy, spiritual and physical, of these two churches united in one. So far as the Presbyterian constituency represented is concerned, the change is timely and perhaps inevitable; but if this re-invigorated unit proposes to aban-

don the old fortress, dismantle the spiritual outpost and sell out to the commercial invaders, it is a step to be deplored by all the civic engineers and captains in the spiritual army. This is the same territory that a few months ago was abandoned by the strong Jewish Sinai congregation. The very reasons that make this ground unfavorable for places of worship, for the social forces of the organizations they house, makes it all the more imperative that it should be held in the interest of economy, good citizenship, purity and temperance by these religious societies or their more heroic successors. These are the very places where gymnasiums, swimming pools, night schools, domestic science, manual training, singing classes, dancing classes, innocent amusements and the open door to a place warmed and lighted, under benignant auspices, are the most needed. If, after all these had been instituted, it was still found to be an uncongenial atmosphere for hymn and prayer and sermon on Sundays and Wednesday evenings, let those who have money and to spare, provide themselves with congenial shrines on the boulevards farther south. Not that these things should not be, but that the other things should not be neglected.

Butter and Eggs

Chicago has caught the infection of Philadelphia! Enterprising women this week are using the many handed woman's club activities in trying to break the egg market. Several million eggs are to be offered for sale at various woman activity centers at a reduction of ten cents a dozen, and housekeepers, always alert for a bargain, are expected to lay in as large a store of these eggs, which have already served their time in cold storage, as the conditions of health and the laws of taste, interpreted by the palate, will permit. This is one more "spasm" of indignation or agony resulting from the high cost of living. Perhaps this agitation is necessary. Perhaps this spectacular interference with the routine of the grocer may bear helpful fruit. Perhaps a few more children will have eggs for breakfast for a few days. Certainly the enterprise of the women is commendable and the object aimed at is legitimate. But like all sensations and easy short-cuts in the complicated labyrinth of trade, it is fraught with danger.

In the first place, it is commercially an unfair proposition. It will affect but little and prove less. These women, by virtue of a good deal of unpaid, hard work on the part of the leisure, or semi-leisure, members of society, a great deal of free advertising, free shopping room and free saleswomen, will be able to sell without loss, eggs for twenty-four cents a dozen. But that will not prove that the grocer, who has to pay high rent, who has gas bills and coal bills to meet, an equipment of salesmen, delivery wagons, drivers, and other "hands" to face, insurance on building and on stock, loss from breakage and bad eggs to meet, and also wife and children to clothe, and in due time boys and girls to send to college, can afford to sell eggs at twenty-four cents a dozen, but quite the contrary. If the women relieved of all this high expense, must ask 24 cents per dozen, how much should the poor grocer sell them for? And several other things follow, of which these "up-lifting" women ought to take note. Somebody has to pay for the leisure that they are provided with, for the elegant costumes they wear, the hats a-la-mode, the functional teas, the very fares and house-rent, that make possible their attractive club rooms, and the programs they provide for the discussion of "the high cost of living." Somebody has to pay for the horrible wastage of modern society, all of which is the wastage of the military spirit, and the competitive struggle of church and society. It does not need much expert knowledge or scientific training to discover, that in the last analysis, all these enter into the high cost of living.

These women promise that if successful in demoralizing the egg market, they purpose breaking into the butter trade. All this may be well. In common with all others, who are fond of dairy products, and enjoy eggs and butter,—when they are fresh, we rejoice over the abatement of a few cents in the cost per pound or per dozen. But we have yet to know of butter makers, or hen farmers, many of whom are women, as having amassed any great number of fortunes, or being able to indulge in many of the luxuries or the leisure hours of life. They, are not those who support automobiles, and can afford to go into business for philanthropic purposes.

No, sisters, the high cost of living problem reaches farther back, farther down, and strikes nearer home than the retailers of eggs and butter. If the combined power of the organized woman's clubs of America (a mighty power indeed!) was concentrated on the task of simplyfying the wardrobe, of rationalizing the diet, abolishing sideboards and saloons, compelling the "lords of creation" to abandon the peacock strut of the military, and refusing to give their support to the scientific development of the barbarism represented by the army and the navy, they might reduce the cost of living where it is most grievously felt. It is on some such lines as these, that the over-worked and the under-fed, the sweated sufferers of humanity, are to be relieved. We begin at the wrong end when we begin to battle with the corner grocery. "Seek ye first the Kingdom of righteousness and all these things shall be added unto you." Or, if modern scriptures are more acceptable, give heed to the words of the prophet Browning:

> "With truth and beauty go other gifts
> All gifts come clustering to that."

THE PULPIT

AIR

A Sermon Delivered at the
ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE, CHICAGO
by
JENKIN LLOYD JONES
November 17, 1912

STENOGRAPHICALLY REPORTED BY MRS. ANNIE L. KELLY.

Prayer

Help us, Father, to feel Thy presence, to recognize Thy power in the things around us and the forces within us. Make us, O Father, akin to the children of the air, earth and sea. Help us to feel the thrill and throb that rises out of the things of time into the things of eternity. Give us to feel the companionship of the noble this morning; give us the hopes of the brave, give us the courage of the martyr and the joy of the seer.

Father, make us all children of Thine in the common thought that binds us today to the weakest and the feeblest of our kind. Hasten the day when discord will no longer wound the hearts of men, when strife and war will no longer desecrate the sanctities of earth. Hasten the time, O Father, when the song of "Peace on earth and good will to men" will echo around the globe, and all Thy children will recognize that where they stand is holy ground, and that the present hour is the hour of transfiguration for those who have open eyes and open ears. Father, make us aware of the sanctity of today. Make this land a holy land and this city a celestial city wherein abide the loving and the loyal, wherein work the true and the noble. Help us to forget our selfishness, help us to think of others, help us to live the life of the struggling and the toiling more and more, that we may feel Thy presence ever more keenly and rest in Thine arms more and more trustingly. Amen.

Sermon

"And He breathed into his nostrils the breath of life and man became a living soul."—Gen. II:7.

Primitive man, everywhere and always, has identified the breath with life. He has had but one word for breath, soul, and mind, as your dictionaries will show. Take any of the words and trace them back and you will come down to the primitive thought that life and the breath are one. Laura Bridgeman, the deaf-blind girl, with a scarcity of words and the simplicity of a child in thought, said: "I dreamed last night that God took my breath away and took it to Heaven." Much of the poetry about air lands us in the realm of the miraculous, the supernatural. We say the "wind bloweth where it listeth." We talk of thing being "thin as air," "empty as air," "fickle as air." Air stands for the one lawless thing that escapes all the conditions of matter. And still science tells us that air is substance. I know not what matter is, but air is defined by all the material conditions. It is that which can be weighed and measured; that which can be condensed, directed and used. Whatever air is, it is allied to the soil and the river; it is that which envelops this earth like a mantle. We measure the force of the wind; it is a breeze when it moves five or six miles an hour; it is a tornado, destructive and irresistible, when it reaches sometimes five hundred miles an hour. We measure the depth of the atmosphere above us and say it is one hundred miles high, though the habitable limit above the earth's surface is only about fifteen thousand feet, and the barometer refuses to measure beyond thirty-eight thousand feet. Man's highest ascent on the earth is probably twenty-four thousand feet above the sea level; the balloon perhaps has reached thirty thousand feet or more, but at that height consciousness is lost.

The air then is a thing, it is matter, whatever that may be; it is substance charged with terrible powers and with delicate influences. On November 1, 1876, one hundred thousand people were drowned off the coast of Bengal by a cyclone. Without the air, the three chief sources of knowledge, the three most delightful gateways of the mind, would be closed and useless forever, the eye, ear and nostril. These are served by the air and the air only.

The noise of a cannon can be heard twenty miles; the thunder's echo may roll and distract the ear thirty miles away; an explosion has been heard one hundred miles away, and a terrible eruption in Krakatos, in the Indian Ocean, sent a report that was heard over one-third the surface of this globe of ours. Three thousand miles away in the heart of Australia the report was heard, and every recording barometer on the globe was notched on that day. The speed of noise has been measured and determined. It travels at the rate of about twelve miles a minute, and its waves move horizontally, and not perpendicularly, as the waves of water. The lowest bass voice audible by the human ear is said to make one hundred vibrations a second, the highest soprano voice reaches two thousand vibrations a second.

Furthermore, the air is proven to be material out of which life is builded. Plants give out that which animals need; animals throw out that which is deadly to the lungs but which is valuable to the plants, and the higher agriculture insists upon the cultivation of those plants that most successfully incorporate into tangible form certain materials from the air; alfalfa, clover and the legumes are the crops that the farmer seeks to develop in order that he may take from the air the substance that enriches the soil and improves its fertility. The first sermon of the air, then, is that it is subject to law and not to whim. It is material, and conditioned as material is conditioned, it must be studied in the same way that we study the substance of earth or water.

Still there is beauty and meaning in the old myths. According to the one in Genesis the rainbow was a pledge of God that He would keep faith with His children ever more, and never again send a deluge to devastate the world; and another, which in the childish fancies of fairy lore points to the pot of gold at the rainbow's farther end. The same rainbow is the bridge over which, according to a Scandinavian myth, the souls from Valhalla return again to their earthly haunts. The rainbow may well represent that threshold of the intangible, that mystic transformation where things become thoughts, where sensations are converted into feelings, and where the words that define matter,—length, breadth, height, weight, elasticity, warmth, coldness,—fail to report farther the sensations and the experiences of the soul. A new list of words is necessary, love, hate, hope, fear, justice, right, equity, truth. The splendid vocabulary of ethics and religion comes in where the tangible vocabulary of physics and science ends. On the bridge,—this rainbow bridge of the air,—the breath purifies the soiled currents of the body; makes red again the turgid tide and sends it coursing to the brain, the

thought mill; the power house of emotion; the orator that reports; the library that records the intangible and unspeakable experiences of the soul.

Thus this sermon of the air may well bring us to the consideration of the old battle between the material and the spiritual. Our first contention is that we should never postulate matter *or* spirit; it must forever be matter *and* spirit. Alas, for the thinking and worse for the living that establishes an invidious comparison between these two great, equally inscrutable, equally unspeakable, equally immeasurable experiences of the human soul.

The first sermon of the air is a reverence for the substance in which life is enmeshed, and out of which life is evolved. Woe to him who is disrespectful to this great palace house, reared for the mind, in which the spirit is domiciled, reared out of the same great mystery-mill that formulated the stars, that directs the planets. It is one law and one life that reaches from the blade of grass to Jupiter; somewhere on this road we come upon the human mite, a little animal so endowed by this transforming power that it can analyze the blade of grass and weigh Jupiter; can trace out the circle of the coming planet and foretell the procession of the equinox.

Alas, I say, for him who is disrespectful to this substance, the home of life. The materiality of the air rebukes the thin psychology that impugns the sanctity, aye, would fain deny the existence of the mighty order that reaches from the rose to the galaxy, from a disordered liver to an inspired brain. Upon this high road, from the infinitely small to the infinitely great, man has built for himself a house worthy to be the home of feeling, love and thought. Alas for him who fancies he needs no lungs, or dares to ignore their sanctity or menace their integrity. It is a poor faith in the Divine that discounts or denies this sublime revelation that presses through all the sensations,—the revelation we call matter. I say it is poor faith in the spirit that impugns the palace house erected for it, by the forces that shape the continents, that order the seasons and hold the comets in leash so that none of them lose their way. He who would walk safely the heavenly road then must needs look where he steps. There are no wings for those who deny their feet, or refuse to use them.

Earth, water, air, three forms, three combinations of the same realities. Somehow out of the soil of the field, the water in the well and the breezes of heaven, is woven a habitation for spirit, is built the shop that turns out thought, the mill that grinds love; the organism that blooms into families, communities, cities, nations, the world consciousness. This material something meets this other something, which fails to respond to the conditions of the material, that which we call the spiritual; these meet in the brain of man, which is fed by the elaborations of the air meeting the substance of earth and water.

Let us at least hold fast the demonstrable sanctities of the universe lest we lose ourselves in metaphysical abstractions, and undertake to establish the spiritual life by putting human life on its apex, trying to balance it on the small point of the pyramid, turning the base up into the air.

I do not know what matter is and I know of nobody who pretends to know what it is, but I do know that when manipulated in the laboratory and the observatory, when analyzed by the keen eyes of science, it suggests something wonderfully potent; it resolves itself into some sublime combination of energy, it is at least a force making common cause with adaptation, to sublime and divine ends. I do not know what the thing is, but I do know that by the Divine alchemy of the air, there is brought to me the radiance of the sunrise, the glory of the sunset, the fragrance of the rose, and the melody of the bird's song; and somehow or other it has awakened in my brain a longing and a yearning to be worthy of the sunrise, to be capable of using the sunset, to supplement the fragrance of the rose with a harmonious life, to convert the notes of the songster into rhythmic action.

And so, if we hold hard onto the material,—to what we call nature, if we keep our ears open to the monitions of the man of science who deals with facts that are reportable to our sensations, somehow and somewhen we are surely landed on the threshold of the invisible, the intangible, and on that account, the more permanent.

Oh, on this borderland, this horizon line between things tangible and things unseen, between—I am trying to find other words than matter and spirit but I cannot, because they are the words that reach out after experiences and observations that are too profound for human speech, too subtle for the phrases of men, I love to think how they meet on the breath of men.

Can I illustrate? A great ship was struck by an iceberg in mid-ocean. There was danger. "Come quick," was the message entrusted to the very tangible air, and invisible waves rolled out into space and hundreds of miles away matter met matter, and the message was reported to human ears, and then came from the bridge of another boat the words, "Turn about! Put all steam on! Send back the word 'we are coming!' ". Once more a tangible, material substance carried back the response. Something strange happened on that bridge, something which sent a thrill through that ship, that thrilled the world and thrills us today, which touches our hearts and quickens our minds here in the church, and we bow our heads in reverence.

What was that something? It was the throb of love, it was the response of affection. It was the thought of fellow beings in distress, it was a hunger for service, a passion to help. These are things that cannot be weighed on a scale or measured with a yard stick. These are things that cannot be caught in a test tube, or tried in a laboratory.

When the news came that the Empire had fallen in Paris, that a republic had been established, an old man, white-headed, disheveled, with clothes ruffled and unkempt, rushed to the railway station at Berlin, and cried, "A ticket! A ticket to Paris! A ticket to Paris!" He caught the first train and when, as it approached the city,—just rising out of its ashes, disgrace and humiliation,—he saw the straggling French soldiers, ragged and hungry, carrying the tricolor flag of France, the good gray head was thrust out of the train window, and with tears streaming down his eyes he cried, 'Vive la Republique! Vive la France! Vive la Republique!" Who was it? It was one who had been an exile from France for eighteen years; one who meanwhile had been the unfrocked chaplain of the outcast; one who buried exiles, one who companioned the last days of the condemned; one who in his exile throbbed with indignation over the hanging of John

Brown in America; one who pleaded for the oppressed in Italy. It was Victor Hugo. Here again we see the air of Heaven, the bread of the field somehow transformed in that laboratory of the body,—the sacred body, heavenly body, the divine home wherein are born sacred and deathless emotions, and the immeasurable and unspeakable experiences of the loving heart. Victor Hugo found the air of heaven a rainbow bridge over which the material passed into the spiritual; over which things entered the realm of ideas and sensations became emotions. Emotions in some more subtle ether than the air set vibrations agoing which have warmed the hearts of patriots and comforted the drooping spirits of loyal truth seekers from his day to this. Out of his brain he coined the story of "The Miserables," and created, after God, a hero that befriended the unfortunate. The man of Hugo's brain became a saviour in many ways, to many people.

Friends, I have spoken of the sanctity of matter in these four sermons which I have been giving to you on Light, Water, Dust, Air, in the hope that somehow we might be landed in the realm of sacred thought, of heavenly realities.

"I shot an arrow into the air," said the poet, and long after found the arrow lodged in the heart of an Oak. It was an intangible arrow he shot and it struck an intangible Oak, but I for one do not want to forget that there was tangibility back of Longfellow's arrow; there was at the other end substance of the kind of which dirt, air and water are made,—to receive the arrow of thought, the arrow of love.

We say the child is father to the man, the intangible conceptions of mercy, justice and truth are things that grow, they do not die. I am reminded of Victor Hugo's bird, which sits and sings at the end of a twig, unafraid, because he knows that should the twig give way, he has his wings, and therefore he is safe. Somewhere on the upper twigs of the biological tree the substance that can be measured and weighed, that can be analyzed and divided in the laboratory, finds wings. Did not substance find wings on Calvary when He said, "Father forgive them for they know not what they do." The dying, Crucified One, sent a message that is still heard, still vital, after eighteen hundred years.

Was not matter transformed into spirit in the prison cell at Athens when the weeping student said to the Master, "Where and how would you be buried?" "Anywhere you please, if you can catch me," replied the cheerful Socrates before he drained the hemlock. There again *matter* was transformed into *spirit,* if we must use the words, substance became thought, the perishable was transformed into the imperishable. When the mangled and broken soldier on Missionary Ridge, whose limbs were torn and whose palace house of the body was hopelessly shattered, was asked by the chaplain, "What shall I say for you?" "Tell them," said he, "there's hardly enough left of me to say 'I,' but there is yet enough left to love Katie." One more suggestion of how fleeting, changing matter, blooms into deathless things. A proud conqueror, riding his war horse in full panoply, sought a philosopher, begging the honor of doing him a service. "What can I do for you?" said the great Alexander to the humble Diogenes in his tub. "Sire," said the philosopher, "Stand from between me and my sunlight!" By that play of matter into the non-tangible, the conqueror was humiliated and the man of the tub was exalted; Diogenes, not Alexander, was in league with eternity. He, Diogenes, at that moment was in the fellowship of the spirit,—a fellowship that knows not the limitations of matter or space; he was in communion with you and me here today. Ancient Athens is now in touch with Chicago, the Acropolis neighbors the Abraham Lincoln Centre in the thoughts of Socrates and the independence of Diogenes.

Oh, how baseless is this nervous concern of the would-be guardians of religion in the presence of what they dread as physical science. Oh, how unholy is this anxiety in the church about the eternal sanctities of the spirit, because they are submitted to the test of scholarship, exposed to the light of experimental science. It is only by enlarging our revelations and deepening our intimacies with the sanctities of things, that we will find an adequate foundation upon which to build the sanctities of thought, and, above all, to rear the dome of character. It is poor adoration to the spire to ignore the foundation, and a spire not well founded is doomed to fall.

I believe in matter; I accept the dictum of science that air is matter, and breath is air, and that the breath breathed into his nostrils made man a living soul. Out of that mystic combination there sprang the more marvelous home of thought and feeling, the realm of love and ideas.

Bread and water and milk—let us face the blessed facts—bread and water and milk, beans and beef, were necessary to Shakespeare. He could not get along without them. Given these and Portia bloomed; given these and Hamlet spoke; given these and the master poet of the world was able to charm the generations and quicken the affections of humanity everywhere; given these and the world is transformed into a heavenly place and the common paths of everyday life are converted into celestial highways; upon these the spirit travels toward conceptions that aspire to the eternal and belong to beings that do not die.

Dust, Water, Air! The great fundamentals of the tangible world meet in the laboratory of life and are transformed into the verities which we recognize as divine, the Godlike attributes of love, disinterestedness, service, thought, philosophy and religion.

The wind is a real substance, it can be meaured, weighed, and may be used; it must at times be feared, unless heeded and avoided. Taliesin, an old Welsh bard of the sixth century, sang an ode to the wind in such a way that it still survives, and even in transalation sets our minds aflame in a way akin to that which is felt when we read Shelley's Ode to the Cloud, or to the West Wind, written more than a thousand years later. Listen to this old Celtic prophet's glorification of the wind:

> Great God! when he cometh,
> How the sea foameth
> At the breath of his nostrils,
> The blast of his mouth!
> As it smites from the south—
> Foameth and spumeth
> And roars on the shores!
> Now on the wold
> And now in the wood,
> Without hand or foot
> Escaping pursuit;
> Jealous Destiny's rage
> Cannot wrinkle his age,

Though coeval was he
With all cycles of Time,
Nay, still in his prime
Ere they were beginning to be!

All the face of the earth
Is his mighty demesne
He has ne'er come to birth;
He has never been seen,
Yet causeth, I ween,
Consternation and dearth!

He is mute and loud-voiced;
With bluster defying,
O'er the half of the world
His banner unfurled
He is flying!
He is good, he is evil—
Half angel, half devil;
Manifest never,
Hidden forever!

The Master that made him
Gave all things their birth
God Himself, the Beginner
And Ender of Earth.
Who praise not His power
Shall strike a false string,
Who exalt not the Father
Shall tunelessly sing!

That is about as good science as it is poetry and it is better religion than either science or poetry, because it rises to the realm of awe and reverence, of humility and submission; and these, are they not the ultimate elements in the religious life,—reverence and submission, awe and humility?

It is not within the scope of mortal man to probe into the secret beginnings nor yet to measure the destiny, either of matter or spirit; but it is the function of religion to rise to an appreciation of the present moment, to lay hold of the sanctities that appeal to every individual, now in terms of matter and anon in terms of spirit. Now, I say, "The iron is hard," and again for want of a better method of speech, I say, "My heart is heavy." I speak of the bread as delicious, and I say, for want of better words, the babe is delightful, the kiss is sweet, the thought is comforting, the word is nourishing. To the devout heart and to the religious spirit, one vocabulary does service, in view of the imperfections of the human mind, for the assurance of love and the worship of heaven.

Father of all of us, ever near, ever dear, guide us, teach us, keep us now and forever more. Amen.

IN A FRIENDLY SORT O' WAY

When a man ain't got a cent, and he's feeling kind of blue,
An' the clouds hang dark an' heavy, an' don't let the sunshine through.
It's a great thing, O my brethren, for a fellar just to lay
His hand upon your shoulder in a friendly sort o' way!

It makes a man feel queerish; it makes the teardrops start,
An' you sort o' feel a flutter in the region of the heart;
You can't look up and meet his eyes; you don't know what to say
When his hand is on your shoulder in a friendly sort of way!

O, the world's a curious compound, with its honey and its gall,
With its care and bitter crosses, but a good worl' after all;
An' a good God must have made it—least-ways, that it what I say,
When a hand is on my shoulder in a friendly sort of way.

—*James Whitcomb Riley.*

The Priesthood of the Father

While we are calling men together to lay upon them the manifold burdens of the kingdom of God, we ought not to forget the modern man's duty to his own home. He is in danger of failing just here. Today men delegate to the school, the church, even the printing press, responsibilities for the moral upbuilding of their own children which they ought to accept themselves and find it easier, often, to be a big brother to another man's boy than to talk religion manfashion to their own sons. That *is* hard, every father knows it, but in failing to do it he misses the greatest joy and the greatest opportunity that fatherhood presents and breaks the succession of the most ancient spiritual office, the priesthood of the father.

For the father was the first priest. He offered in the gray morning of humanity's faith the household sacrifices, performed the simple duties which his religion demanded, and standing among the women and children of his household, thrilled in some dumb way with the sense of awe and wonder as he bore the needs of those for whom he fought and hunted, before whatever gods he knew.

So standing he witnessed to truths of central and abiding significance. He witnessed to the unity of the family. We have no records running back to a time when the household was not the unit. They knew, even in blind and superstitious times, that to separate a man from his blood kin was beyond either the will or the power of the gods. What they knew, the ages reinforce, our own age validates. The family is the social school, there the child finds himself—the comrade—and even in the later days, when he seems to run alone, the race which is "run by one and one" is run in the hoarded strength of the father's hearth and the mother's heart.

He witnessed that the home is a spiritual fellowship. "The hearth is—and was—the natural altar of the dwelling room of man." Here the great joys have their springs, honors are consecrated, the great sorrows cast their deepest shadows. No outer gain compensates for the loss here; the greatest victories become pitiful and inadequate in the face of domestic defeat. The fathers of milleniums ago must have known that all the honors of the age of stone could not compensate for a boy's ruin—no more are all the honors of the age of gold worth a son gone wrong.

He witnessed that the life of the home is, for the child, the first open door to the divine. There is not a single conception of God or his providence which had not the hearthstone for its birthplace, the home for its cradle. Love, sacrifice, care, compassion, right, wrong, forgiveness, healing fatherhood—are all home words. They are sadly meaningless to the homeless.

He witnessed the perennial fact of priesthood. We are always needing guides to the highest and holiest sanctuaries. We find the roads to the best only in the light of the experience and counsel of other men. When one man in what wisdom and grace he possesses makes straight the way along which another man comes close to spiritual reality, or burdens a single accent of his prayer, spoken or unspoken, with the agony of another soul, that man is a priest.

He witnessed that such a priesthood as this finds its perfect fulfillment in the father. His relation to his children is unspeakably vital. He has been, by the grace of God, the channel through which the mystery

of life found lodgment in their personalities. Who shall uncover to them the way to God if his own fatherhood is not the holy and ample door through which the realities of the divine fatherhood are made evident? Who shall make them free of the spiritual order if their father does not enfranchise them? Who shall offer to God a prayer of blessing upon little children so burdened as a father's prayer; or who shall seek his forgiveness for an erring child with such intensity or devotion as the father who knows how often the genesis of the fault, from which he wishes him to be free, is in himself? He is for his children the mediator of food and raiment. Why should he not break to them the bread of life?

The duties which men assume in the dawn are not to be cast aside at noon. In such great human senses as these the father is still the priest. The practical denial of this primeval obligation by multitudes of men has been, beyond belief, fruitful in moral and spiritual confusion. The full resumption of it would be, beyond belief, fruitful in moral and spiritual gains. The little child will become the hope of the father, the pathfinder of the kingdom, when the father has become for him the road to the presence of God.—*G. G. A. in the Congregationalist and Christian World.*

PEACE

There is a rumor of eternal Peace;
The wonderful wild news sweeps through the world
That nevermore loud drums shall beat alarms,
Or bugles blow the awful songs of War.

There shall be silence where the sabers clashed,
And utter calm where once the cannon roared;
The Lord's green fields shall not be wet with blood,
But white with innocent daisies in the Spring;
And where the crashing cavalry once plunged
Our hearts shall hear the lyrics of the birds
When soft May mornings break in years to be.

. . . . . .

Be swift, O laggard years, to bring that day
When Right shall be the master of old Might,
And Love with her soft processes shall see
Her hour triumphant and her legions large.
Tear down the bulwarks of incessant Hate,
And let pale Pity rise from the dull dust,
Her unfamiliar eyes two flashing stars
Emerging from the shadows of the deep.
But dream not there shall be eternal Peace,
Tho red battalions have been scattered far,
And mighty armies lost like autumn winds.
Call in the iron navies of the world,
And sink them in the ocean's monstrous heart;
Sunder the bastions of the universe,
The watchful forts that face the open sea;
Still we shall hear the rumors of great wars,
And see the smoke of conflict; we shall know
The old, old battle of the rich and poor—
The poor with watch-fires in the engine room,
And regiments of children in the mills;
The rich with beacon lights upon their hearths,
And golden domes their perfumed tents at night.
But when wild Winter bares her icy sword,
One army shall remember Valley Forge,
And tremble at the menace of the days;
One army shall meet endless Waterloos
In the long line of years that sing defeat,
And in their tattered uniforms march on,
Till Death, the last Commander, bids them halt.
There shall be desolation in their eyes,
And sorrow where they pitch their city camps;
And rags shall be the emblem of their cause—
Sad banners that reveal their very shame.

Dream not of Peace eternal till there comes
Some hour supreme when these two hosts shall meet
In a great whirlwind of high brotherhood!

Collier's Weekly. —*Charles Hanson Towne.*

The Distraction of the Motor Car

Those who have been observing with some degree of alarm the growing limitations of social life, the emptying of church pews, and the lack of time for the serious consideration of social and religious questions,—among large numbers of well-to-do people, have been seeking an explanation. A writer in a recent number of the *Christian World* suggests one direction in which a partial answer, at least, may be found. Writing of "The Distractions of the Motor Car" he says:

The belief is growing upon us that the motor car is the most divisive factor in our national life at the present time. Mr. Bernard Shaw once divided English society into two classes—those at one end with big appetites and no dinners, and those at the other end with big dinners and no appetites. But this division is fast becoming obsolete. We are swiftly dividing ourselves into, first, those who run motor cars, and, second, those who do not; and the demarcation line is very sharp indeed. As long as wealthy people hid their luxurious living behind the walls of their own homes, they went uncensured and aroused no fierce discontent in the bosoms of the dispossessed. But with the advent of the motor car they have flaunted their luxuriousness in the face of the poor; and the display of arrogant wealth has soured the spirit of the toilers. Mr. F. E. Smith, one of our leading Tory statesmen, says that the motor car has made more Socialists than the speeches of Mr. Keir Hardie. I am quite sure he is right.

The motor car is upsetting all our standards. For one thing, it is reducing the working week of the employing class, who are gradually extending their week-ends until Friday to Tuesday is becoming their maximum. The working man has hitherto accepted the idea that his employer should, as capitalist and director of industry, have the lion's share of the profits of industrialism. But when he sees that the industry goes on prosperously, though the employer devotes part of Friday and all Saturday, Sunday and Monday to motoring expeditions, he begins to question whether the direction of industry does really amount to so much and whether the share of the profits of industry claimed by the director is fair and legitimate. These questionings account for a great deal of our industrial unrest. The motor car and the craze for its enjoyment are prejudicially affecting all the churches.

OLD RHYME AND RHYTHM

They tell me new methods now govern the Muses,
The modes of expression have changed with the times;
That low is the rank of the poet who uses
The old-fashioned verse with intentional rhymes.
And quite out of date, too, is rhythmical metre;
The critics declare it an insult to art.
But oh! the sweet swing of it, oh! the clear ring of it,
Oh! the great pulse of it, right from the heart,
Art or no art.

I sat by the side of that old poet, Ocean,
And counted the billows that broke on the rocks;
The tide lilted in with a rhythmical motion;
The sea-gulls dipped downward in time-keeping flocks.
I watched while a giant wave gathered its forces,
And then on the gray granite precipice burst;
And I knew as I counted, while other waves mounted,
I knew the tenth billow would rhyme with the first.

Below in the village a church-bell was chiming,
And back in the woodland a little bird sang;
And, doubt it who will, yet those two sounds were rhyming,
As out o'er the hill-tops they echoed and rang.
The Winds and the Trees fell to talking together;
And nothing they said was didactic or terse;
But everything spoken was told in unbroken
And beautiful rhyming and rhythmical verse.

So rhythm I hail it, though critics assail it,
And hold melting rhymes as an insult to art.
For oh! the sweet swing of it, oh! the dear ring of it,
Oh! the strong pulse of it, right from the heart,
Art or no art.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

THE CHILD

You may be Christ or Shakespeare, little child,
A Saviour or a sun to the lost world.
There is no babe born but may carry furled
Strength to make bloom the world's disastrous wild.
Oh, what then must our labors be to mould you,
To open the heart, to build with dream the brain,
To strengthen the young soul in toil and pain,
Till our age-aching hands no longer hold you!

Vision far-dreamed! But soft! If your last goal
Be low, if you are only common clay,
What then? Toil lost? Were our toil trebled, nay!
You are a soul, you are a human soul,
A greater than the skies ten-trillion starred—
Shakespeare no greater, O you slip of God!

—*James Oppenheim.*

A Misapprehension

An editorial in the *California Christian Advocate* makes a sharp criticism on a recent opinion expressed by a Universalist minister regarding suicide. The minister in question is charged with believing that "suicide should be optional with the party in interest." To hold that such an opinion is a hurtful one, and from a Christian standpoint unjustifiable, and that the preaching of such a doctrine may prove an "evil infection,"—nay more, that "such preaching is trifling with sacred things" and verges too closely upon "blasphemy" to be looked upon with tolerance—all this is condemnation well within the right of any thoughtful man or woman, and we believe would meet with the sympathy of most. But when the critic goes a step farther and holds up to *opprobrium* the Universalist Church—as holding a belief which tends to encourage such views regarding suicide, and asks: "If Universalism is true, what is the difference if a man takes one path or another, since both lead to the same fields of Elysian happiness?"—he goes quite outside the field of individual criticism and implies that which he either knows to be not correct, or else he betrays his ignorance as to the real teaching of the Universalist, and other liberal churches, which have rejected the doctrine of eternal punishment. Such churches neither hold nor teach that the unrighteous soul passes at death into the state of perfect bliss; on the contrary, they teach that wickedness brings in this world and in all worlds its sure recompense of pain, sorrow and despair; and they teach that no man or woman can *escape* paying this penalty, after a lifetime of wrongdoing, by a deathbed conversion wherein the vicarious suffering of an innocent soul is accepted as atonement for the guilty. On the contrary, they believe that each soul in time *or* eternity must win out of its own imperfection through much travail, remorse, repentance and right conduct, before it can pass into a state of true happiness. In the thought of liberal Christians—"as a man sows so shall he reap" has a very sure and terrible significance. Liberal Christians do not assert of God, what no civilized man concedes today to his fellows,—that he may rightly and justly condemn to endless torture, despair, and unrepentance, his own children because of their disobedience and wrongdoing. They do assert, however, that in their belief God *is a Father,* and while he forever condemns the sin, he also forever sends his holy spirit to win the sinner back to paths of goodness; this seems to the writer in the *California Christian Advocate* to be incompatible with a belief in righteousness as the essential of all real happiness and the enjoyment of "Elysian fields."

We are anxious to believe that such unworthy views of our Heavenly Father as is clearly implied in this slur at the Universalist Church are fast passing away, and that the thought of Christendom, today, is tending toward the acceptance of the spirit of the Son as interpreting the spirit of the Father—"Go, and sin no more," without arbitrary limit as to the time of going: "Come unto me" without a barrier in this world or any world, against the penitent child who longs for the Father's home and the Father's forgiving love. W.

A Message to Ministers

Dr. Gunsaulus, in a message to the ministers as they began their fall work, spoke of the impression made upon him by the Scotch and Scotch-English preachers during the past summer. They insist on reality, he said; they preach a real message to real men and women. They do not think it enough to master a subject intellectually, critically, and historically, from the scholar's standpoint only. Students they are, but with them a message must be a part of their life. It must have the quality, the flavor or the passion, of an experience. If they talk about temptation and deliverance from it, the message must have in it the value of a deliverance which they have felt. If they discuss the forgiveness of sin, it must be no mere theory or doctrine, but the joy of a forgiveness which they have known. So through all their sermons, the head, or key, is more than an intellectual discovery, it is something felt.

And this is the message which I want to give to the pastors of the day. Preachers must experience the truth which they proclaim. They cannot go into their studies and hunt truths or ideas out of books, and then go and proclaim them second-hand to their people and expect great results. Experience cannot be borrowed, and without it a sermon is only a second-hand affair. We cannot have renewed strength in the pulpit until we have men who have realized in themselves the value of what they are proclaiming. I do not say that we do not already have many such men, but what I say is, that we must have more of them and more of it.

A lot of people are restless and dissatisfied, and they think they can get what they want by upsetting what is. Everything is to be done from the outside, nothing from the inside of human nature. The all-important duty of the minister of the present day is to show the people that the only satisfactory and permanent way of improvement is through a transformed humanity."—*Grapho in The Advance.*

Yea and thou, child, shall be called the prophet of the Most High;
For thou shalt go before the face of the Lord
To make ready his ways;
To give knowledge of salvation unto his people
In the remission of their sins,
Because of the tender mercy of our God,
Whereby the day spring from on high shall visit us,
To shine upon them that sit in darkness and the shadow of death,
And to guide our feet into the way of peace.

—*From the Gospel of Luke.*

A Business Man's Christmas Card

DEAR UNITY—Last Christmas there came into my hands, through a friend, the accompanying poem and the thoughts it suggested as they appear below. The whole was intended as a Christmas Greeting to the friends of a busy railroad man who selected the poem and was the author of the reflections. I was so deeply impressed with this greeting that I secured a number of copies from my friend and sent them to several relatives, burdened business men, with the hope that they might find inspiring suggestion in this dream. The effect was beyond my most sanguine hopes. One wrote me that the music of the poem haunted him day and night; and as he was just making for himself a new suburban home he named it "Seven Maples." Another named a lovely little cottage which he had just secured, "Innisfree." With the kind permission of the author, I venture to send it to UNITY, hoping it may find a place in its Christmas number.

HELEN E. STARRETT.

A Dream

THE LAKE ISLE OF INNISFREE

I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree
And a small cabin build there, of clay and wattles made;
Nine bean rows will I have there, a hive for the honey-bee,
And live alone in the bee-loud glade.

And I shall have some peace there, for peace comes dropping slow,
Dropping from the veils of the morning to where the cricket sings.
There midnight's all a-glimmer, and noon a purple glow,
And evening full of the linnets' wings.

I will arise and go now, for always night and day
I hear lake waters lapping with low sounds by the shore;
While I stand on the roadway, or on the pavements gray,
I hear it in the deep heart's core.

—W. B. YEATS.

"I had a dream; I dreamed that the haunting magic of these lines held in it a test by which life was to be proved; that I was meant to carry the music of the poem with me wherever I went; and just as Shelley startled the stagnant coachload by his sudden and earnest invitation to the stout lady at his side

'For God's sake, let us sit upon the ground,
And tell sad stories of the death of Kings;'

so I was suddenly to bring this test to bear upon any meeting, or drawing-room party, or conference, or gathering, in which I might find myself; and was to abruptly whisper in the midst,

'I will arise, and go now, and go to Innisfree:
And live alone in the bee-loud glade.'

"Will they recognize the call? Will they become aware of the far horizons, and of the brooding peace, where the lake water laps with low sounds by the shore? Will their stolid business, which has seemed to them to absorb the attention of the entire universe by its enormous bulk, suddenly shrink before their eyes into a very little thing? Will their hurry and their haste after gold and honor shrivel up into contemptible futility, as they recall the nine bean-rows, and the one hive for the honey-bee? Will all the noise of a tumultuous commerce become as nothing, and die away out of their ears to leave only the memory of the linnets' wings aflutter in the live evening? Will the big world drop away from them for one blessed moment, as once again they remember how peace comes dropping slow from the veils of the morning?

"How good it would be, now and again, if the chairman of a stuffy committee, which had been getting crosser and crosser every minute, as it passed on through item after item of an endless agenda paper, and tempers were fretful, and six rival amendments had all got tangled up in one another and it began to look as if they would sit there till dooms-day—were to rise, and in a quiet voice, to announce:

'I will arise and go now, for always, night and day,
I hear lake water, lapping in low sounds on the shore.'

"It would give just that wholesome relief; that wider outlook, which were so sorely needed. All the amendments would drop at once to the ground; and we should rush out into the open air, and whoop for joy.

"It would not matter to us in the least what we had, or had not, carried. We should feel that there was only one thing the matter—and that was to have

'Nine bean-rows in the garden, and the hive of a honey-bee.'

"All healthy life responds to this challenge. By rising to it, it refuses to become the slave of its own handiwork. It is ever being tempted to imprison itself inside this vast civilization, which it has piled up for itself. It yields itself, a passive serf, to the tyranny of self-imposed conditions. It is from this, that the cry of the Celt recalls it. 'This civilization is your own,' it cries; 'therefore, you are bigger than it can ever be. Your life overlaps it. Your spirit passes out beyond it. You can forget it. Your way of escape is always open. Get up, and go far away from all this money-grubbing business. There is a whole world outside it, far better and sweeter.'

"We must be able to see round our work in the world, even though we go on grubbing hard at it. It is good to remember the magic words and say them over and over to ourselves,

'I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree.'"

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do Good is my Religion."

WHAT THE DENOMINATIONS ARE DOING

The following items of interest are quoted from *The Advance*—partly from reports made at the Federal Council of Churches which met in Chicago, Dec. 4-9.

"Nine of the leading denominations have Social Service Commissions now at work. The Presbyterians and the Baptists are under the direction and control of the Home Missionary Boards of these denominations. The Methodists and the Episcopalians are independent commissions. The Congregational is in charge of the Brotherhood. The Disciples of Christ have a definitely empowered commission with Prof. Alva W. Taylor as secretary. The Christian Church has established its work in co-operation with its home missionary department. The Society of Friends have a committee and the United Presbyterian Church a commission.

The executive secretaries of these denominational agencies have been brought together by a vote of the Social Service Commission of the Federal Council of the Churches and form a Cabinet on Social Service, and through this relationship are made associate secretaries of the Federal Council, so that each man represents not only his own denomination but also the entire Protestant forces of America. Through the cabinet plans are under way for the issuance of a series of hand books on Social Service and other literature, which will be distributed in the interest of a common cause.

This conference helped to clarify the ideas of the social service workers themselves. It helped to bring about a more perfect agreement as to what constitute the real program of social service and its relationship to the established agencies of the church, such as home missions, and was successful in bringing about a more real spirit of co-operation among the various agencies at work in the different churches. It is safe to say that with the inspiration of this conference the Social Service Cabinet of the Federal Council will become more effective and will be the means of bringing about more definite results than ever before."

Another investigation brings out these startling facts: That Buddhism in Seattle, San Francisco, Los Angeles is aggressively propagating itself from these cities as centers. Buddhist Temples have been erected, in which cultured priests administer the rites and ceremonies of their religion, and through a series of lectures in various parts of those cities are reaching large numbers of Americans, especially women. Christianity is thus being put on the defensive and is grappling in the struggle with the religions and cults of the Orient. Recently thousands of Hindus have come. Next to nothing is being done for them.

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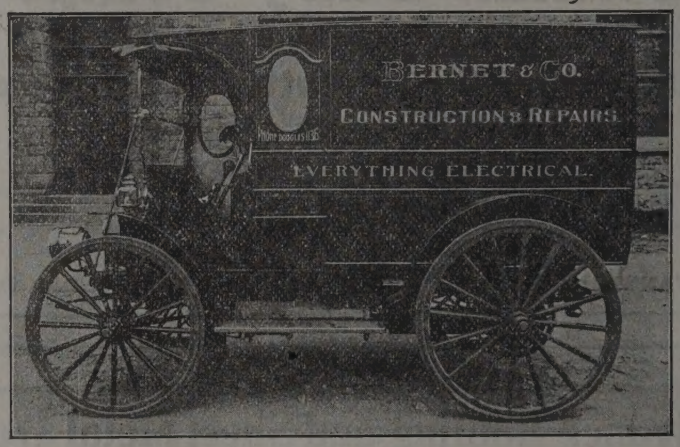

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